

NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

DECEMBER • 1956





Photo by Tony Krier

+ Gifts of Friendship

Boys at a vacation camp at Wiltz, Luxembourg, have fun exploring the treasures they find in gift boxes. These are some of the boxes given to children at the camp, as a gesture of friendship, by American Junior Red Cross delegates when they visited there on their return from attending the AJRC training center at Chiemsee, Germany, in the summer of 1956.

Children around the World

VOLUME 38

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NUMBER 3

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American National Red Cross
NEWS

OUR OLD MEXICO COVERS

Leo Politi tells the story in his cover drawing of a favorite Christmas celebration in Mexico, "La Piñata." Mexican children have fun playing this game. The piñata is a clay figure, made in the shape of animals or other designs, which hangs from the ceiling. Children, blindfolded, take turns hitting the piñata with a big stick. When with a BANG the piñata breaks, toys fall to the floor and the children scramble to pick them up. For a song about the piñata turn to the back cover.

WONDERFUL STAR

O wonderful star, O star of light,
'Twas you who led the Wise Men
To the place where Christ was
Born that night.

While the Holy One, so kind and sweet,
Lay in the manger,
Shepherds prayed and Wise Men three,
Gave their gifts to the son of Mary.

—Bobby Richardson

Campus Laboratory School
San Diego State College, Calif.

CHRISTMAS GOODIES

Here is a recipe for goodies, suggested by Mrs. Margaret Dayton, Food Consultant, Minneapolis and Hennepin County Chapter, Minn., which you may want to make to pack into a Christmas box for a shut-in:

1 cup figs	6 maraschino cherries
1 cup dates	2 cups walnuts
¼ cup raisins	2 cups pecans

Grind or finely chop the fruits and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Form into small balls and roll in white sugar. Keep the balls in a cool place. Makes about 3 dozen.

And a happy holiday to all the NEWS readers from the editorial staff.

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

Maria's Christmas Song -

PLEASE, Madre! Let me go with Juan and Julian tonight! I will not get tired. And I know the songs." Maria looked pleadingly at her mother.

Maria's mother bent over her sewing. "You're really too little yet, Maria," she said. "You must wait until Juan and Julian say you are big enough to go with them."

It was two weeks before Christmas, and in the small city of Malaga, in the south of Spain, boys and girls were going around the streets every evening, playing and singing the old Spanish Christmas songs. Every night, as it grew dark, Maria watched her two brothers dress like the shepherds of old Judea, putting on little jackets covered with rabbit fur and tying long



There stood Maria and her lamb.

A story from Spain

by EDITH PATTERSON MEYER

strips of fur down the front of their legs. Every night Maria waved to them as they went off, Juan carrying his tambourine and Julian his *zambomba* or drum.

She knew that other boys and girls would join them and that when they came back, hours later, they would bring with them a little of the money which was so badly needed in their small

home. More than anything, Maria wanted to go with them.

Maria saw Juan coming down the hill. She set down the toy lamb she was holding and ran to meet him. As she skipped along beside him she sang a Christmas song.

"You sing well, little sister," said Juan. "In a few years you will be the best singer in the Christmas pastoreale."

"Oh, Juan, can't I go now?" Maria begged.

Juan laughed. "When your legs are longer," he promised. "And when you can play a tambourine. It isn't enough just to sing."

Maria's face fell. "What are you going to do?" she asked Juan. For Juan had brought his tambourine and Julian's *zambomba* out onto the sunny bench behind the house and was taking rolls of narrow ribbon from his pocket.

"We got caught in the rain last night," Juan told her. "The ribbon streamers on our tambourines and *sonajas* and triangles and on Julian's *zambomba* all got wet."

Juan took the bedraggled ribbon off the drum-like *zambomba* (*tham-bom'-bah*) which Julian had made by stretching skin tightly over one end of a small keg. To play it, he pulled a little round hollow stick, which he kept wetting, back and forth through a small hole in the skin. Maria liked to hear its steady, rhythmic wail.

It was harder to play than the *sonaja*, (*so-nah'-ha*), which was a roundish thing, made of rows of wire or narrow tin strung with pairs of small tin discs. These clashed and rattled with a merry jingle-jangle when the *sonaja* was shaken in the air.

"I'll help you, Juan," Maria offered. And she did. Her small fingers were better than Juan's for making bows and pulling the ribbons through the edges of the tambourine and the *zambomba*.

"Now I'll put a bow on Rosie," Maria said.

"Don't waste that ribbon," Juan scolded. "It cost four pesetas." (*Pay-say'-tah*, a Spanish coin worth about 2.36 cents.)

"Just a little bow," begged Maria.

Juan did not say no. He knew how dearly his



OLD SPANISH SONG

Near the cradle of the baby Jesus
His mother sings a song.
St. Joseph rocks the cradle
And listens to her song:
"Sleep, baby of my soul,
Close your sweet blue eyes.
The sun is sleeping
And the dark night comes."

little sister loved the little gray lamb on rollers given to her by the lady in the big house.

Maria tied a red bow, then a blue one, and then a green one around Rosie's neck.

"Now," said Maria, "Rosie is ready to go, too."

"Go where?" asked her brother.

"With you and the others, in the pastorate. I was big enough to make the bows, and I can sing, and I will take Rosie instead of a tambourine."

"Oh no, Maria!" Juan exclaimed. "You are too little yet. And the lamb doesn't make music like a tambourine!"

Maria sighed. "I think the people would like Rosie better than just another tambourine," she said. "And I think they would give you more pesetas if Rosie and I were there with you."

Juan looked thoughtful. "I don't think Julian and the others would like it," he said. "And what would you wear?"

Maria looked down at her shabby, outgrown dress. Then she went into the little two-room house. She dug into the great chest and pulled out a bright red dress which an American lady had given them last summer. It was too big for Maria, but she put it on and tucked it up around her waist. Over her curly black hair she threw her mother's black lace mantilla.

Then she ran out to Juan. She set Rosie in front of her, spread the wide skirt of the red dress, and began to sing: "It was the night of Jesus' birth."

Juan listened and looked as Maria sang the whole lovely Christmas song. Then he kissed her. "Maria, I think you are right," he said. "If Julian says yes, you shall come with us tonight."

Maria squealed with delight. She picked up her skirts and ran to her mother, who was washing clothes in the large stone basin beside the house. "Madre, Madre!" she cried. "Juan says I may go in the pastorate tonight."

Maria's mother looked up in surprise. And then, without a word, she left the clothes in a wet heap and went into the house.

Maria followed her in. She watched her mother search about in the big chest until she found a black velvet bodice with white lacings down the front. She slipped it over Maria's red dress. "It was mine when I was a girl," she told Maria. "Here, take it off, and the dress too, and I'll put some tucks in them. You don't want to trip over your skirt on your first pastorate."

When Julian came home, Maria was trying on her costume.

"Hello! What's this?" he asked.

At first Julian did not like the idea of taking his little sister along on the pastorate. But Juan persuaded him.

Soon it was 7 o'clock, and dark. Juan and Julian put on their shepherd costumes. Juan picked up his tambourine and Julian's zambomba too, and Julian picked up Maria. She held Rosie tightly in her arms.

Over the hill into the city Julian carried Maria and Rosie. Other boys and three girls joined them. The boys were dressed like shepherds, with much fur on them. The girls wore wide, colored skirts, shawls over their shoulders, and big straw hats on the back of their heads. All of them were surprised and a bit worried to have a little girl along.

At the gateway to a small hotel, Julian set Maria down. The leader, a boy even older than Julian, stepped in front and faced the group. He had a small switch with gay ribbons flying from it. Now, as he raised his switch and cut the air with it, the boys and girls began to play

and to march up the driveway to the hotel. They seemed to have forgotten Maria.

For a moment Maria stood there alone. She was ready to cry. Then bravely she edged her way between the two rows of boys and girls. Right up to the steps she went, pulling Rosie behind her. On the wide porch she settled herself in the very middle of the group.

The people in the hotel heard the music and came to stand in the doorway. There they saw the "shepherds" waving ribbon-trimmed tambourines and sonajas in the air. They saw the three girls in the big straw hats shaking their tambourines, and they saw Julian with his zambomba. And there, right in the center, they saw a little girl, her eyes shining like stars, her wide skirt spread about her, a black lace mantilla set lightly on her curly black hair, and in front of her a toy gray lamb decked out with bright ribbon bows.

Now, at another signal from the leader's switch, the boys and girls stopped playing and began to sing. Maria sang, too. She sang with all her voice and with all her heart. The other boys and girls looked at her in amazement. And as they looked at her instead of at their leader their voices trailed off until they almost stopped.

But not Maria's! She sang on loudly and sweetly to the very end of the verse. By then the others had recovered from their surprise enough to join in the chorus. And then the leader held up his switch in both hands to hush them and to let Maria sing the second verse all by herself.

Once again the boys and girls sang the chorus together and once again Maria sang the verse alone. Three verses she sang, without a break. Then, after the third verse, the leader signalled for the zambomba and the tambourines and triangles and sonajas to begin.

As they played, Maria stood looking at the people in the doorway. There were some *Americanos*, she knew, and people from other countries far across the sea. They smiled at her and she smiled happily back at them. Never again would these foreigners seem strange to her!

When the "shepherds" stopped playing, their leader stepped inside the door and passed around a tin can with a slot in it. The people crowded around to put into it many pesetas. "Be sure the little girl gets her share," they said.

The leader nodded and thanked them politely. Once again he raised his switch, and the group, playing, marched down the driveway.

Outside the gate the boys and girls tried to hug Maria and toss her into the air. But she would have none of it, for fear they would muss her mantilla and her red dress. And she insisted on walking to the next place, and the next, and the next. In every place the leader had her sing the same song alone and the others sing the chorus with her. And everywhere the people loved it and put many pesetas into the tin can.

Then it was late and time to walk out of the city streets up over the long hill and home. Under a light the leader opened the tin can and counted the money. "More than ever before!" he said.

"It was Maria and her little gray lamb," the boys and girls agreed. "She shall have her share of the money just like the rest of us."

Maria was a very tired little girl by now, and she let Julian carry her and Rosie over the hill to home. And Maria, climbing out of her red dress and into bed, called out sleepily, "I was big enough, wasn't I, Madre, Julian, Juan? And I can go again, can't I?" And then even before her mother bent over and kissed her, Maria was fast asleep, a happy smile on her face. ★





THE WONDERFUL TREE

A story of a flying squirrel
and his true adventure
in Washington, D. C., is told
in story and pictures by
Shirley A. Briggs.

THE LITTLE FLYING SQUIRREL woke up as soon as it was dark. He had spent the whole day sleeping in his snug hole, deep in a hollow tree. Now he uncurled himself, and set out to find food and adventure.

A few people were walking along the sidewalk below, but they did not see him as he took a long jump out from the tree and glided softly down. He landed right at the bottom of another tree, then ran straight up the trunk. His gray fur was just the color of the bark, and you might not have seen him even if you had been watching closely.

From high on the second tree, he jumped out into the darkness again. This time he landed on a windowsill three floors up on an apartment house. This was his favorite place to start a night's adventures, because the lady who lived in this apartment always put sunflower seeds and peanut butter out on the sill for the birds. The flying squirrel had discovered that there was sometimes a little left over by night-time. Once the lady saw him peeking through her window. She was very pleased to have a flying squirrel come to visit her, so after that she al-

ways put out a special bit of food for him.

But this night everything seemed different on the windowsill. Sparkling lights were shining out, and through the open window came the smell of pine needles. When the squirrel peeked in, he wondered whether he was looking into a house at all.

There, just inside the window, stood a tall pine tree. It was the most beautiful pine tree he had ever seen. Shiny balls and ropes and little lights hung all over it. The squirrel watched the tree for a long time. Did he dare go in to see it better? There were no people in the room, and soon he felt brave enough to slip inside.

First he ran cautiously from the shadow of one chair to another, looking at the tree from all sides. This was just the tree for a flying squirrel! With one jump he was on a big branch, halfway up the tree. Then he gave a little side jump, and there he was swinging on a long loop of tinsel rope. This was great fun. He swung a little harder. Then, swoosh! The tinsel slipped from its branch, and flipped him off to the floor!

But squirrels know just how to land from a

fall, and this accident did not really bother him at all. He went right on racing up and down the tree, batting at the silver balls with his tiny paws. Of course, he was more careful about tinsel ropes. He jumped from branch to branch so quickly that soon the whole tree was shaking a little. The balls and icicles all looked twice as shiny as they jiggled up and down. The angel on the topmost point of the tree swayed back and forth, and almost seemed to be flying.

Just then, the squirrel made a mistake. He tried to play with one of the lights, and of course it was very hot. He was so surprised, and his paw hurt so much, that he jumped back without looking where he was going. The biggest silver ball on the whole tree was right behind him, and down it crashed to the floor. What a loud noise it made when it broke!

The lady who lived in the apartment heard the noise, and came running in to see what was happening. Whatever had mussed up her fine Christmas tree? The tinsel ropes were hanging every which way, most of the icicles were shaken down onto the floor, and here was her biggest silver ball, all in pieces!

The little squirrel had scurried back as close to the tree trunk as he could get, and he was all huddled into the smallest ball he could make. How he did hope that she wouldn't see him at all.

Then the lady noticed the open window, and she remembered that this was the time of night when the flying squirrel usually came to eat sunflower seeds and peanut butter. Of course! How could a flying squirrel resist such a fine big Christmas tree? She peered in between the branches, and there he was, just a tiny gray ball, looking up at her with his big black eyes.

How he wished he were back in his own big tree where it was so peaceful and dark. He looked up at the familiar windowsill. The window was still open. With one twist and a jump he was out the window, and he didn't stop running until he was in his own cozy nest.

The next night the lady put all his favorite things to eat out on the windowsill. She did hope



that the squirrel would not be too frightened to come back. As soon as it was dark outside, sure enough, there he was again peeking in at the window. But never again did he come in to play on the Christmas tree.

Christmas in the Marshalls

TWO THOUSAND MILES west of Hawaii in the Pacific Ocean is a tiny speck of coral island, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long and so narrow that one can easily walk from the ocean to the lagoon side in 3 minutes. This speck is the Majuro Atoll in the Marshall Islands.

Children live on this island, and because of kind Junior Red Cross members in Hawaii, these children and their friends from other islands look forward to Christmas, a big party, and gifts. Every Christmas since 1948 the Hawaiians have helped Santa Claus find these Marshallese children, so they may have a happy time.

Last Christmas, a pine tree was first decorated with silver tinsel and lighted with rainbow-colored lights, then placed on a pedestal in front of the altar of the little church on the island. Three tables were placed along the entire width of the church, and were heaped high with 395 individually wrapped gifts, which had come by

plane from Hawaiian juniors. Among these gifts were dolls, jump ropes, wooden toys, games, crayons, harmonicas, bean bags and other playthings.

The church was soon filled to overflowing with children. Every seat was taken. Many sat on the floor. All were excited to see what Santa had brought.

Christmas songs in Marshallese were sung by different school groups. Then, as each child's name was called, he was given his colorful package from the Hawaiian Junior Red Cross. Cheering and applause made the church ring as each child went up to receive his gift.

Following the distribution of gifts, students from the Intermediate School assembled in the front of the room and led the hundreds of children in singing "Silent Night." This was their way of saying Thank You to the Junior Red Cross of Hawaii who had remembered them.

Children of the Marshall Islands receive Christmas gifts sent to them by the Junior Red Cross of Hawaii.



Official photograph U. S. Navy

"Your good mother sent me something to eat," said the old man.



Illustrations by
William Hutchinson

The Best Christmas Nisse

A Norwegian story by ALICE REEL

ON THE AFTERNOON before Christmas Peter Bronson looked hopefully at his mother. "Are you going to let me be the Nisse tonight?" he asked.

Fru (Mrs.) Bronson smiled. "We shall see. It is true you have tried very hard to do your chores faithfully."

Her pleased blue eyes told Peter that she had made up her mind to let him be the Nisse. They hadn't looked like that when he had first asked her if he could be the elf who brought a sack of presents to the door on Christmas Eve.

"You shirk the chores and you loiter when I send you on errands," she had said sternly. "You will have to prove that you deserve to be a Nisse."

Peter had tried his very best. He had come right home from school and helped Far (father) with the evening chores. He had run errands for Mor (mother) and had returned promptly. He had even pitched into the Christmas cleaning. No floor shone like the one he had scrubbed. Surely Mor would let him be the Nisse tonight!

Ever since Peter had discovered that the Nisse was really only a boy dressed like an elf, he had longed to be that boy. It had been fun, of course, to believe that an elf lived in the barn and played a prank occasionally. It had been fun to wait for the Nisse to scamper up to the door on Christmas Eve. But those things were now for the little ones, Axel and Ingrid. ➡

Mor's brisk voice broke into Peter's happy reflections.

"Stop dreaming, Peter," she said. "We have much to do this afternoon. I have sent the little ones to grandmother's until evening. We must finish the baking and get the tree trimmed."

For the next few hours Peter worked happily with Mor and Hulda, his older sister. It wasn't work, of course, to take spicy cookies from the oven and stir the creamy rice pudding. Peter knew that his mother wouldn't think of serving a Christmas supper without the rice pudding, which the Norwegians call *resen-grut*. And lucky was the person who found an almond in the bottom of his dish! Something nice was sure to happen to him! It was quite likely that the Nisse would bring an extra package for him!

Mor let Peter and Hulda trim the fragrant Christmas tree. Chatting happily, the two children went about their task.

At 4 o'clock Peter looked proudly at the result of his work. Never had there been so gay a tree! Saucy sticks of candy twinkled across at plump gingerbread men!

"You have done well!" praised Fru Bronson. "Now, as soon as Far comes, we will give our animals and birds their Christmas treat."

Peter knew that Norwegians through many generations had given their livestock and birds a feast because they believed that they were near the manger where the Christ Child was born. His parents had explained that this was known as tradition.

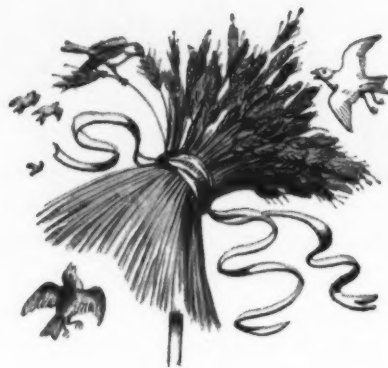
"Just like having *resen-grut* and *lutefisk* (cod-fish) for supper on Christmas Eve," Far had added.

When Far had finished his day's work he and Peter would fasten a sheaf of grain to a high pole, knowing that hungry birds would soon discover it. Then they would give a holiday feed to the livestock. Mor and Hulda would take care of the cats and dogs. Finally the whole family would tiptoe out to the barn and leave a dish of dessert for the Nisse, whose little eyes would be peering at them from his hiding place. To make sure he would bring the Christmas

gifts, the elf must be kept in very good humor!

Walking along with the family, Peter would chuckle to himself and know that he was the Nisse who would wear a pointed cap and funny beard. He would talk in such a squeaky voice that Axel and Ingrid would never suspect!

Mor hadn't come right out and said that he would be the Nisse. But Peter had seen her take



the costume into his bedroom. Surely that meant that she had decided!

"What else is there to do?" he asked eagerly.

Mor went toward the kitchen table. "I have an errand for you. We must not forget others at this happy time. I am going to put some cookies and two dishes of rice pudding into a basket and I want you to take it up to Herr Olson and his nephew. They have no women to prepare goodies for them. Deliver the basket and come right back. Far will be here any minute and you must be ready to help him tie the sheaf of grain."

"Oh, I'll come right back," promised Peter.

He felt a little resentful at having to go on an errand when things were so pleasant at home. It wasn't fun to leave a house filled with delightful odors and last-minute preparations.

Herr Olson was out in his yard, holding a sheaf of grain in his hand. His eyes lighted when he saw Peter. "Your good mother sent me something to eat," he said happily. "She never forgets me at Christmas. You came at just the right time, Peter, I want to get this feed

out for the birds. I sent my nephew home to spend Christmas with his family. I guess I am not as limber as I used to be."

Peter willingly climbed the pole, tied the sheaf of grain, and slid down to the ground.

Herr Olson thanked him. "Now I am going out to the barn to give my livestock their feast. It just wouldn't seem like Christmas if I didn't. Put the basket on the step and thank your mother for me."

Watching the bent figure hobble toward the barn, Peter suddenly ran after him. "I'll help you," he offered. "Show me where you keep your oats and I'll feed Old Thor."

Surely he could take a few minutes to help Herr Olson, who wanted to keep up the old traditions!

A little later Peter and the old man walked back toward the house.

"Come in for a bit," Herr Olson said suddenly. "Your mother knows where you are, doesn't she?"

Peter started to say that Mor had told him to come home right away but it seemed so unkind that he followed his neighbor into the neat little cabin and sat down at the kitchen table with him.

At Herr Olson's request they sang Christmas carols. Then the old man plunged into a story about the Vikings and their daring exploits at sea. Peter, who usually listened to them breathlessly, now sat on the edge of his chair and wished he could break away. But Herr Olson looked so happy that he just couldn't interrupt!

An hour later he burst into the kitchen of his home.

Mor and Far were standing at the stove. They both looked unhappy.

"You are very late," said Mor sharply.

"You were not here to help Far feed the livestock."

Peter plunged into a recital of his difficulties.

Mor stopped him. "I have no time to hear excuses," she snapped. "Get ready for supper, Peter."

Observing the disappointment in her face, Peter knew that she had decided that he was not to be the Nisse tonight.

Far's grave voice broke the sudden stillness. "I will take time to hear what you were doing," he said, "Surely you did not *want* to remain away from home today, of all days!"

Peter turned to him gratefully. Somehow Far looked as though he would understand why it had seemed so necessary to spend that time with Herr Olson!

"I came home just as soon as I could," he finished lamely. Far laid his big hand on Peter's shoulder. "So you spent an hour up there, knowing it might cost you the fun of being the Nisse tonight!" he said. "So you helped a neighbor observe our traditions! I am proud of you, Peter. You gave an old man the gift he needed the most—companionship on Christmas Eve."

Mor's troubled face relaxed. "I am proud, too," she declared. "I did not know Herr Olson was alone. Do you know, Peter, I think you are going to make the finest Nisse that ever came to our door?"



What shall

Junior Red Cross members give many gifts
at Christmas and holiday time, but the
best gift of all is their gift of friendship.

Toys repainted by Hixon
Junior High boys, Webster
Groves, Mo. ➤

Decorations for hospitals made by
JRCers, Franklin County Chapter,
Chambersburg, Pa. ▼



Gift boxes packed by pupils
at Oklahoma School for the
Blind, Muskogee. ▼



we give?



Gifts for overseas
packed by JRC Council,
Laboratory School,
North Texas State Col-
lege, Denton.



◀ Tray favors (tiny cradle with doll
in each) fashioned by JRCers at
Roosevelt School, Boise, Idaho.



▲ Flowering bulbs for VA
hospitals grown by JRC mem-
bers, Frayser School, Mem-
phis, Tenn.



Two little Eskimos in
Greenland wait for Santa
to bring JRC packages
from friends in U. S.



PUEBLO

MARIA STELLA was happy. Her black eyes shone. Her white teeth flashed. Her brown skin glowed because she was happy. This was a Special Time. She made a skip-hop and a hop-skip today on her way to school. She made a song to sing:

*At my house I have a baby,
A new baby, living at my house.
In my heart I have a song for the new baby,
A baby song, singing in my heart.*

The teacher stood at the schoolhouse door. She smiled at the children. She said, "Good morning. Come in. Your lessons are waiting for you. After the lessons are finished, we will get ready for our Christmas party."

"A Christmas party?" the children asked. "With a Christmas tree and Santa Claus and candy to eat?"

"Yes," the teacher told them. Then she saw Maria Stella. Maria Stella had on her white deerskin boots and a yellow Indian dress. She had on a red woven belt and a blue silk shawl. But more than that. Maria Stella had on a silver necklace and turquoise earrings.

The teacher said, "Why, Maria Stella, you are wearing your Indian clothes. You look so pretty. Is this for Something Special?"

Maria Stella made a skip-hop-step. She said, "Yes. A new baby girl is at our house. She is going to live with me."

"It is a Special Day," the teacher told the children.

And all the children said, "It is a Special Day for Maria Stella. Let her say her lessons first. Let her make the top star for the Christmas tree. Let her make the paper Santa Claus."

All day long Maria Stella's heart was singing. Her hands were busy making the top star for the Christmas tree. She kept thinking, "I will bring my baby to the Christmas party."

At last the teacher said, "Time to go home, boys and girls. I will see you in the morning."

Maria Stella ran into her mother's house. In the fireplace corner sat Sit-say-i-ya, the Wash-Mother. She had been the Wash-Mother for Maria Stella and for her big brothers. She was

the Wash-Mother for the new baby. The Wash-Mother is important. She washes the new baby and gives it an Indian name. She is its friend for always.

Sit-say-i-ya was washing the new baby. Maria Stella stood beside her and watched. She said, "I will take my new baby to the Christmas party at the Day School."

Sit-say-i-ya said, "Well, first she has to have an Indian name. You would not want to take this baby to the Day School without a name. Next Saturday I will give this new one an Indian name. You may come with me. You may choose the name."

Maria Stella thought that next Saturday would never come. At school she kept busy making the paper Santa Claus. She kept thinking, "I will bring my baby to the Christmas party here at school." Her heart kept singing, "I know the Indian name I will give my baby."

After a long time next Saturday came. Sit-say-i-ya took the new baby from its cradle board. She wrapped it in her shawl. She and Maria Stella took the baby to the Sunrise Hill. The Sun got up from his dark night-bed. He got up to smile at the new baby. Sit-say-i-ya showed the baby to the Sun. She showed the Sun to the baby. She said,

*May the Sun shine on you.
May his warmth enfold you.
May his light guide you on
a good trail.*

Then she sprinkled the baby with corn pollen. She asked Maria Stella, "What Indian name have you chosen for this new Indian baby?"

Maria Stella said, "My Sit-say-i-ya, you gave

INDIAN

PARTY

By ANN NOLAN CLARK

whose stories of Indian life have
always been favorites among children

me my Indian name, Star Flower. I give you my baby's Indian name, Moon Flower."

Sit-say-i-ya told the baby, "I give you your Indian name, Moon Flower. It is a good name. It means that your sister, Star Flower, will be near you always."

They took Moon Flower back to the mother's house and put the baby into her cradle board. Then they went out into the plaza. All the people were there waiting.

Sit-say-i-ya told them, "A new one has come to live with us. Her name is Moon Flower."

The people went to Sit-say-i-ya's house. A Name-Day feast was waiting. There was deer meat and chili, corn and beans, bread and sweet cakes and jello. The people feasted. They showed mother the presents for her. They had brought her corn and cloth. Everyone was happy.

Early the next morning Po-po-yi-ya came to

Maria Stella helped
the Wash-Mother bathe
the new baby.



Illustrations by Sidney A. Guinn

Maria Stella's house. Po-po-yi-ya in Indian means Church Mother. She brings a new baby clothes to wear. She gives the baby its church name. She is its godmother for the church baptism. She is its friend for always.

Po-po-yi-ya had a floursack bundle on her head. She had presents for Moon Flower. There were little blankets and soft little deerskin moccasins. There were tiny calico shirts of many colors.

Maria Stella looked at the beautiful presents. Gently she touched them with one finger. She said to Po-po-yi-ya, "I will take my new baby to the Christmas party at the Day School."

Po-po-yi-ya said, "Well, first she has to have a church name. You would not want to take Moon Flower to the Day School without a church name. Next Sunday you may stand with me by the holy water fountain in the church. You may choose the church name for your little sister. I will tell the Padre the name you have chosen."

Maria Stella thought that next Sunday would never come. At school she kept busy making colored ring-chains for the Christmas tree. She kept thinking, "I will bring Moon Flower to the Christmas party here at school." Her heart kept singing, "I know what Moon Flower's church name will be."

After a long time next Sunday came. It came early in the morning. Po-po-yi-ya came, too. Maria Stella was waiting for her. Po-po-yi-ya took Moon Flower from her cradle board. She put a new calico shirt on fat, brown Moon Flower. She put new white moccasins on Moon Flower's brown, kicking feet. She wrapped her in a new blanket. Po-po-yi-ya put the baby into the shawl on her back. She and Maria Stella took the baby to the church.

The church bell rang loud and clear. It rang a happy song for Moon Flower's baptism day. The Padre opened the church doors. All the people came to see Moon Flower get her church name.

Po-po-yi-ya whispered to Maria Stella, "What is the church name you have chosen?"

Maria Stella stood on tiptoe. She spoke softly, "My Po-po-yi-ya, you gave me my church name, Maria Estrellita. I give you my sister's church name, Maria Lunita."

Po-po-yi-ya nodded. "It is a good name," she whispered. She told the Padre. He baptized the baby Maria Lunita. The people said their church prayers and the church bell rang.

Po-po-yi-ya and Maria Stella took the baby home. They put her in her cradle board. They put the baby and the cradle board in the back room. There it swung gently from the vigas.

"Why do we put her here in the back room?" Maria Stella asked.

Po-po-yi-ya said, "In the front room your mother and father are giving the Baptism-Day feast."

All the people came and feasted. Everyone was happy. The Padre came to the feast. The teacher from the Day School came to the feast. Maria Stella whispered to the teacher, "I will bring my baby to the Christmas party at the Day School."

The teacher said, "Fine. You may bring the baby. But first she must have a name for everyday, a school name. You may choose the name."

Maria Stella whispered to the teacher, "I want her everyday name to be Marianita." The teacher nodded.

She said, "I will write Marianita in the school book."

Then Maria Stella said in a loud voice for everyone to hear, "Next week when it's time for the Christmas party at the Day School I will take Marianita to the party."

Father said, "No, you cannot take the baby to the party, little daughter."

Mother said, "No, the baby is too little to go to a Christmas party, little daughter."

Sit-say-i-ya said, "No, my Star Flower. You cannot take Moon Flower. She is not old enough."

Po-po-yi-ya said, "No. You cannot take Maria Lunita to a party. She must be kept quiet."



Maria Stella's heart sang as she cut out the top star for the tree.

Maria Stella looked at them. Big tears were in her eyes. No one had ever told her "no" before. Then her grandmother spoke. She said, "Come, Star Flower. You and I will walk together."

Maria Stella was glad to go. She listened to what her grandmother said.

"My grandmother, are you sure that this will be?"

Grandmother said, "Yes. I will make it happen. Prayer will start tomorrow, but the great day will be next Saturday. It will end at sundown."

Maria Stella was happy now. She said, "The great day will end at sundown and the school party will begin at nightfall."

Maria Stella knew that next Saturday was coming. She knew it by things that happened in the pueblo. There were no people in the plaza. The house doors were closed. The women went away somewhere to pray. The pueblo was quiet and waiting.

At school Maria Stella's hands strung red cranberries and white popcorn into long chains

for the Christmas tree. Her mind and her heart were quiet. They were full of quiet prayer.

Snow clouds gathered on the mountain tops. They crept into the valley. They crept across the fields. At last the great day came. Men and boys and children came into the plaza. They stood quiet and waiting by the house walls.

Then Maria Stella heard it. First a faint drumbeat. Then soft singing. It sounded as if it came from the heart of the earth. Drumbeats grew louder. Singing grew louder. Into the plaza came the chorus of old men, the singers, the drummers. They stood at the end of the plaza singing for the women to come.

And the women came. Two lines of dancing women. They were dressed in their dance dresses. Their long black bangs almost covered their painted faces. Their long black hair shown in the early winter sunshine. Everywhere about their heads were tiny snowbirds made of feathers and of down. The snowbirds looked as if they were flying.



The drumbeats grew louder.

This was the very holy Snowbird Dance. It asks the snow-gods to send the early snows to soften the world for the new baby. The Snow Priest stood at the end of the line of dancing women. Maria Stella's heart beat fast. She saw her beautiful mother standing alone between the lines of dancing women. She held the new baby in her arms. Slowly she danced toward the Snow Priest. Slowly he blessed the baby. The women danced. The chorus sang. The drummers beat the drums.

Then from the sky the snowflakes came floating and dancing down. The snow-gods were answering the women's dance prayer. They were answering the Snow Priest's song prayer. They had sent the early snow to soften the world for Maria Stella's sister. The dance was finished.

The singing and the drumbeats stopped. The women left the plaza. The men and boys and children went back into their houses.

Mother put the baby back into her cradle board. She was put away in quiet that she might learn to live alone. Her Christmas party had been the Snowbird Dance. It had been a party filled with prayer.

Through the thick snow came faintly the sound of the school bell calling the children to the school Christmas party. Maria Stella called softly to her grandmother, "Thank you, my grandmother, for giving the new one the Indian Snowbird Dance, her Christmas party." Then she went with the other children to the Day School. They would have a good time. Maria Stella knew it.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

By ELLEN E. MORRISON



ANSWERS ON PAGE 26

Across

1. To perform.
3. Mary and Joseph went to Bethlehem to pay a
4. Above.
5. To fasten with a sharp object.
6. Short way of writing "road."
9. When Jesus was born, a star shone in the
11. A Christmas carol.

Down

1. Bethlehem was called the "City of"
2. Beasts of burden.
3. Highest part.
6. Musical note.
7. Boy's name.
8. Have eaten.
10. The Christmas object shown in this puzzle.



David loved
the temple light.

Illustrated by Harve Stein

THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

The wonderful old story of the
Hanukkah celebration, which takes place
this year from November 29 through
December 6, is here retold by Estelle Mason.

DAVID lived in the city of Jerusalem many, many years ago. Every morning David would help his father tend sheep on the hillside near his home. In the afternoon his father would say to him, "David, now is the time for learning." So David would run down the hillside and wait for the boys who were his friends. Then they would walk to school together.

In the city of Jerusalem the school was in a beautiful temple. Sometimes David ran ahead of the boys because he liked to be the first one to open the temple door. He liked to be the first one to see the beautiful lamp which hung

over the altar. The lamp was a very special lamp because it was kept lighted all day and all night, every day and every night. The lamp never went out. Even if it was dark or cold or rainy out-of-doors, the lamplight made the temple seem warm and friendly. David loved the light, and he liked to study at the temple school.

The boys would sit around in a circle on the floor. They learned to do numbers. They wrote in the sand with sharp sticks. They learned to read. They listened to stories about Moses, and Noah and the animals in the Ark. They

learned to be kind and good. They learned about God.

Sometimes David's father and mother took him to the market place. This was fun. Carts were piled high with oranges and grapes and hay. David's father sold sheep. An old woman displayed fine cloth which she had woven herself. A fat man showed shiny metal bowls which he had made. Market day was a happy time. Boys and girls, fathers and mothers met together and talked and laughed as they bought the things they needed.

One day when David and his parents came to the market place they could tell that something was wrong. Everyone was talking but no one laughed. The carts were piled high with good things to eat, but no one bought anything. Something terrible was happening!

A cruel king from the distant land of Syria had heard about the beautiful temple in the city of Jerusalem. He had heard about the light over the altar which burned every day and every night. He was a very bad king indeed, because he had sent soldiers to take the light

So the people fought the soldiers.
It was a terrible time for the soldiers
were many and strong.



away from the people of Jerusalem and destroy the temple of learning. Now cruel soldiers were in the streets of Jerusalem. They were in the market place. They were even in the beautiful temple.

But David's father and the other men of the city said, "No! Bad soldiers must not destroy our temple. They must not take our light away from us."

So the people fought the soldiers. It was a terrible time for the soldiers were many and strong. The battle lasted for many months.

One day a great hero called Judah Maccabee said to the people, "Be brave. I will help you drive the soldiers away."

David's father and the other men were brave. David was brave too. He followed Judah Maccabee and the men as they fought. David even threw stones at the soldiers! At last Judah Maccabee and the people drove the soldiers out of the temple, out of the market place, and out of the city of Jerusalem.

When the battle was over David hurried to the temple. He wept when he saw the smashed marble altar, and the broken gates of the temple. Tears ran down his face when he saw the broken lamp. Now the temple was dark and gloomy. All the people were sad.

Judah Maccabee said to the people, "Do not be sad. We will mend our temple and make it like new again. We will light up the lamp again. Our lamp will glow warm and friendly all day and all night, every day and every night, and never go out again."

So David and his father helped to mend the temple. They fixed the marble altar. They washed the walls and mended the gates. Soon the temple was like new again. Now David wanted to light the lamp, but there was no oil. The soldiers had spilled out all the special oil for the lamp in the temple of learning.

There was no oil in the flask or bottle under the bench. There was none in any corner of the temple. David heard his father say that it would take eight days to pick olives and squeeze

the oil from them. It would take eight days to have new oil ready for the lamp. Would the temple have to stay dark and gloomy?

David kept searching in all corners for some of the special oil, till at last he found one small flask with barely enough oil in it to keep the lamp lit for just one day. David and Judah Maccabee lit the lamp together.

Everyone was happy to see the beautiful lamp glowing warm and friendly in the temple again, even if only for one day. But a miracle happened. Somehow the oil lasted for more than a day. When David came to the temple he found the lamp still burning brightly on the second day. The lamp burned for a third day. The people were so happy that they brought gifts and food to the temple and had a party together.

Somehow the lamp burned brightly on the fourth day and the fifth. For eight long and happy days the lamp burned till at last new oil was made ready.

After this the lamp never went out again. It is still burning over the altar all day and all night, every day and every night. Even if it should be dark or cold or rainy out-of-doors the lamp light glows warm and friendly in the temple of learning.

In all parts of the world, in the house next door, in Europe, in Canada, and most every place you can think of, when some children are lighting up their Christmas trees, Jewish children are lighting Hanukkah candles. Jewish children light candles for eight nights; one candle the first night, two the second, and three the third, till on the eighth night all the candles are burning.

Jewish children remember the warm and friendly light which burns all day and all night, every day and every night, and never goes out. They give presents to each other and have parties to remind them of the light in the temple. Hanukkah, the Festival of Lights, is a happy time.

When you visit a Jewish temple you will see the light over the altar, the warm and friendly light which never goes out.

★ ★ ★



By ANNE WELSH GUY

Illustrated by her son Richard Guy

A BABY FOR BETSY

ONCE THERE WAS a family, just like *your* family.

There was a father. His name was Mr. Bright. There was a mother. Her name was Mrs. Bright. And there was Betsy.

This family was very happy, except for one thing. They did not have a baby in that family!

Almost every day, Betsy would say to her mother, "I wish I had a baby sister to love." And her mother would say, "I wish you had, dear."

Tommy, the boy next door, had a baby sister. Her name was Ann. Ann had yellow curly hair and blue eyes. Betsy often went to Tommy's house to watch Tommy's mother give Ann her bath. Tommy would splash water on Ann and Ann would laugh and kick and splash right back.

One day Betsy thought of a new game. She

dressed her little dog Cooky in doll clothes just as if he were a baby. He looked so funny. Betsy laughed and laughed.

She put him in her doll carriage and started down the walk. But Cooky did not think it was funny. He jumped out of the carriage and ran and hid in a trash can.

Just then Tommy came along on his new red scooter. "Toot-toot, toot-toot," called Tommy. When he saw Cooky, he stopped to help Betsy pull him out of the trash can.

Tommy said, "Cooky does not like to ride in a doll carriage. Cooky is not a baby."

"Well, I wish I *had* a baby," said Betsy.

"Well—jeepers," said Tommy. "Why don't you 'dopt one then? We 'dopted Ann."

"You did what?" asked Betsy.

"We 'dopted her—we picked her out ourselves. Jeepers, I thought everyone knew about

us 'dopting Ann. Toot-toot." And Tommy was off down the hill, pushing his red scooter with one foot.

Betsy ran into the house as fast as she could run.

"Mother—daddy," she shouted. "What do you think? Tommy says Ann is 'dopted! Tommy says we can 'dopt a baby if we want to. What does 'dopted mean?"

Mrs. Bright looked across at Mr. Bright. Then they both smiled.

"The word is a-dopted, Betsy. It means to go and choose a baby who has no father or mother to care for it, and to bring that baby home to be your very own."

Betsy began to jump up and down and to pull on her mother's hand.

"Oh, mother," she cried. "Let's adopt a baby sister just like Ann."

"Not so fast, Betsy," laughed daddy. "Mother and I have been thinking about this for many months. The lady at Rockaby House where all the babies are, is coming to see us tomorrow. We can ask her about adopting a baby."

The lady from Rockaby House came. "So you want a baby to love," she said to Betsy with a smile.

"Oh, yes," said Betsy. "A baby sister with yellow curly hair and blue eyes."

"I think a baby brother would be very nice," said daddy. "With brown straight hair like Mother's. We need a boy in this family."

"Babies with red hair are sweet," said mother. "Black-haired babies are nice, too. And I love babies who have no hair at all!"

"But, mother," cried Betsy. "I've been thinking and thinking and *thinking* about a baby with *yellow* hair."

The lady from Rockaby House put her arm around Betsy.

"Yellow hair, brown hair, black hair, or red. I don't know what color hair your baby will have, Betsy. Mother and daddy love you very much and your hair is yellow. It takes a long time to get a baby to love. And we must get just the right baby for your family. Can you wait a long, long time while I find the right baby for you?"



Betsy clapped her hands and jumped up and down with joy.

"Oh, yes, I can wait," said Betsy, "but please hurry as fast as you can."

Spring came. Betsy and Cooky played jump-rope up and down the front walk. Betsy told Cooky about the baby sister she was waiting for.

Summer came. The Bright family went to the seashore. Betsy and Cooky made sand castles in the sand. "One room is for my baby sister," Betsy told Cooky.

Fall came. Betsy and Cooky ran and jumped in the yellow and red leaves and Betsy ate big red apples from the tree in the backyard.

"It's taking our baby a very, very long time to get here," said Betsy to Cooky.

Winter came. It was almost Christmas time.

"If the baby is here by Christmas, can I hang up a stocking for her?" Betsy asked mother.

One cold morning, about a week before Christmas, Betsy's mother said with a big smile, "The lady at Rockaby House says we may shop for our baby now and get the nursery ready."

What a lot of things a baby needs. They bought shirts and shoes, bibs and bottles, and diapers by the dozen.

At last the baby's room was ready. There was a bassinet. And a bathinette. And a pair of scales. And right in the middle of the room was a Christmas tree! All decorated with things for a baby! The room was pink and blue, but mostly pink.

"Pink is for girls," said Betsy. "Oh, mother, please call the lady at Rockaby House and tell her the pink room is all ready."

So mother telephoned. But the lady said, "I'm so sorry. You must be patient for a little while longer."

And then on the day before Christmas, as Betsy was getting up, the telephone rang.

"Come today and get your baby," said the lady from Rockaby House.

Oh, how excited Betsy was! She could hardly get her clothes on. She could hardly eat her breakfast.

They went in the car to Rockaby House. They sat down in a big pretty room. The nurse and the Rockaby lady came into the room. Betsy

stared in surprise. Each one of them had a baby. Both babies had yellow hair and blue eyes.

"Here is a fine big boy," said the nurse, putting a baby on daddy's knees.

"And here is a sweet little girl," said the Rockaby lady, putting a baby in mother's arms.

Then the nurse turned to Betsy. "Would you like to choose your baby?" she asked.

"Oh," cried Betsy, running to the baby in mother's arms, "I choose the baby sister."

Just then the baby on daddy's knees laughed.

"Aaa-goo," he chuckled.

Betsy turned to look at him.

"Aa-goo," he laughed again. He stared at Betsy. He kicked his fat legs and made chuckling noises. Then he held his two fat little arms right toward Betsy.

"Oh," cried Betsy, "he wants us to choose him. What shall we do?"

She ran to father and put her arms around the fat baby. She hugged him tight.

"We will have to choose him," she said. "But how can we leave the baby sister?"

The lady from Rockaby House laughed. "Mother and daddy have already chosen, Betsy. The babies are twins! Mother and daddy have chosen both of them!"

Betsy clapped her hands and danced up and down with joy. "Two babies! A brother and a sister both for me! Oh, what a big family we have now!"

She ran about the room counting. "One, two, three, four, five," she shouted. "We can hang up five stockings for Christmas. Oh, what fun!"

And the twin babies kicked and crowed and waved their fat arms as if to say, "Hurray! We have a family now!"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 20

Across: (1) do; (3) tax; (4) over; 5 pin; (6) rd; (9) east; (11) Noel.

Down: (1) David; (2) oxen; (3) top; (6) re; (7) Dan; (8) ate; (10) sock.

Little gifts for little people

"When I received your nice things I was very happy. I am playing with them all. I like the socks, the soap, and the ball," writes Obiadun, a little boy who lives in far-away Nigeria, Africa, in the Albarka Leper Colony. Obiadun and some of his friends are pictured here as they open gift boxes packed by JRC members in Miami, Florida (Dade County Chapter). The boxes were distributed by a field officer of the Nigeria Branch, British Red Cross Society, who reports that "it was a joy to see the children delving into the parcels." During last school year Dade County JRCers packed over 5,400 boxes.



Twins Elizabeth and Georgie (aged 3½ years), and their friend, Christiana (right) have fun opening gift boxes sent to Nigeria, Africa, by the American Junior Red Cross.

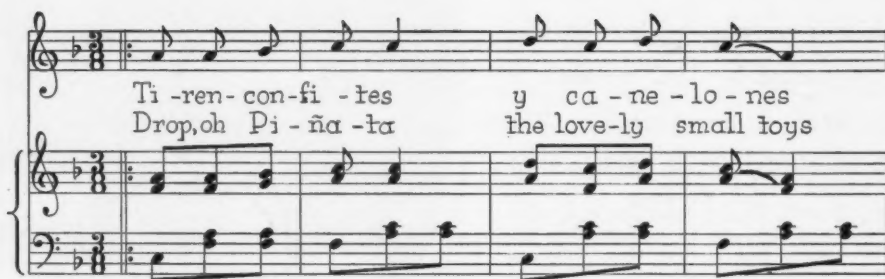


Children at the Albarka Leper Colony, Nigeria, smile as they are given AJRC gift boxes by an officer of the Nigeria Branch, British Red Cross.

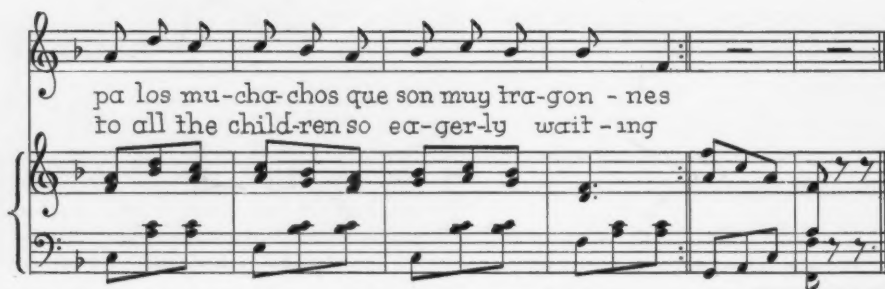


This little fellow is going to blow up the balloon he found in his gift box—or burst! The balloon was one of many surprises sent by friends in America.

LA PIÑATA



Ti - ren - con - fi - tes y ca - ne - lo - nes
 Drop, oh Pi - ña - ta the love - ly small toys



pa los mu - cha - chos que son muy ira - gon - nes
 to all the child - ren so ea - ger - ly wait - ing

2nd verse

Anda muchacho, no te dilates - con los confetis y los cacahuates
 Hit it Panchito! do not delay it - there will be candies and toys Christmas Day

(From "Pedro, the Angel of Olvera Street" by Leo Politi; copyright 1946 by Leo Politi. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Illustrated by Jo F. Irwin

